

The Evening World

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WOMEN'S CHARITY.

MRS. HAROLD McCORMICK hastens to the defense of her father whenever he is attacked. Her father is John D. Rockefeller, so she is busily occupied. She says that the feeling against her father, in which his brother shares, is caused by envy of his success, and his "business ability" has brought upon him the hostile criticism of less capable men.

It would be an unnatural daughter who turned against her father, and however John D. Rockefeller may have treated the rest of the community, he has always provided liberally for his own family and given them no cause to complain. He has never offered his wife money to secure a divorce that he might marry a chorus girl. He has never sought to purchase a duke or a count for his daughter that the family's social position might be improved. He did not even give his son a big allowance of spending money and spoil that young man's health and morals thereby.

But Mrs. McCormick is not alone in her attitude of blindness to her father's faults and of belief in his possession of numerous virtues.

One of the most attractive and beautiful qualities that women possess is their ability to see good in any man who is near and dear to them. One of the best features of human nature is women's unselfish devotion.

The mother always clings to the wayward son. His father may have given him up. The law may have sent him to prison. His follies and crimes may have caused him to appear without a redeeming trait. But his mother clings to the end. Her sacrifices go with her tears. Her love covers all his sins. Whether in life or death she seeks his side.

The wife almost always clings to the wayward husband. She waits for him to reform. She blames the other woman for his infidelity to her. She reconciles herself to physical brutality.



Curiously, the women who leave their husbands are usually those who have the least real cause. A man may lose his wife's love for trifles, because he is absent-minded or remiss in little attentions, because he is careless or thoughtless or self-absorbed. But rarely for big, real reasons.

A drunkard's wife sticks to him as long as there is a crust of bread. The wife-beater's victim pleads for his release in police court. The defaulter's wife sits beside him in General Sessions. The murderer's wife follows him to the death cell.

Men do not cling to women as women cling to men. The unfaithful wife is not implored to return. The wife who becomes addicted to drink or drugs is speedily sent to an asylum. The daughter who sins receives different welcome from her father than the mother holds out to an erring son.

Men need forgiveness more than women. It does little good to forgive a woman, for she never allows herself to forget. A man forgets readily when some past misdeed of his own might bother him.

A woman never forgets her past. If there is anything in it for her to dread, the specter is always existent.

That charity which women withhold from their own sex they squander on men—and often on the most undeserving.

Letters from the People.

Pool-Rooms Vs. Racetracks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The Police Department is kept quite busy trying to close up the pool-rooms, which in my opinion is unnecessary. I believe that if they would close up the racetracks the betting would spontaneously stop, and as a consequence the pool-rooms would be compelled to go out of business.

JOHN BARRINGTON.

To U. S. Consul at Hamburg.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
To whom can I write to find if relatives are living in Hamburg, and if there is any will on record there?

H. A. F. P.

Sunday Closing.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I think that all of the Government buildings except those on Ellis Island are closed up on Sunday, and I don't see why they cannot close these as well as the others. There are some men working over there who seldom can see their wives or children on this account.

Cruelty to Horses.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I had heard that docking of horses' tails was prohibited by law, but I see thousands of horses that are mutilated in this cruel manner. The suffering it causes the poor animal to be deprived of his natural defense against insects is awful. Another very cruel thing is the check rein. It causes a strain on the horse when pulling a load, and when standing, keeps his head up and has the hot sun on his poor unprotected forehead and eyes. In the name of humanity I ask everybody who reads

this letter to please help the poor defenseless animals by asking the drivers to take off this cruel check rein, at least in this hot weather. This faithful worker for men suffers in a cruel manner. And what is his reward after years of hard toil? To be sold for a few dollars to some hospital for experimental researches, or to some poor peddler who has hardly enough for himself, to be starved to death.

LOVER OF ANIMALS.

Owners and Agents Should Be Punished.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
We agree with your correspondent in regard to enforcing the laws against owners and agents of apartment houses who "rent to disreputable people because it pays better than renting to decent people." If those agents or owners should be punished severely either made to pay a heavy fine or imprisoned, it would be a great step toward improving the moral conditions in the city.

Dogs in Hot Weather.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
This is the time of year dogs go mad. If troughs of water could be placed in the streets at intervals much suffering could be averted. Give dogs plenty of water and a moderate amount of food and don't worry or tease them in hot weather. If they seem sick tie them up at once.

BROOKLYN DOG FANCIER.

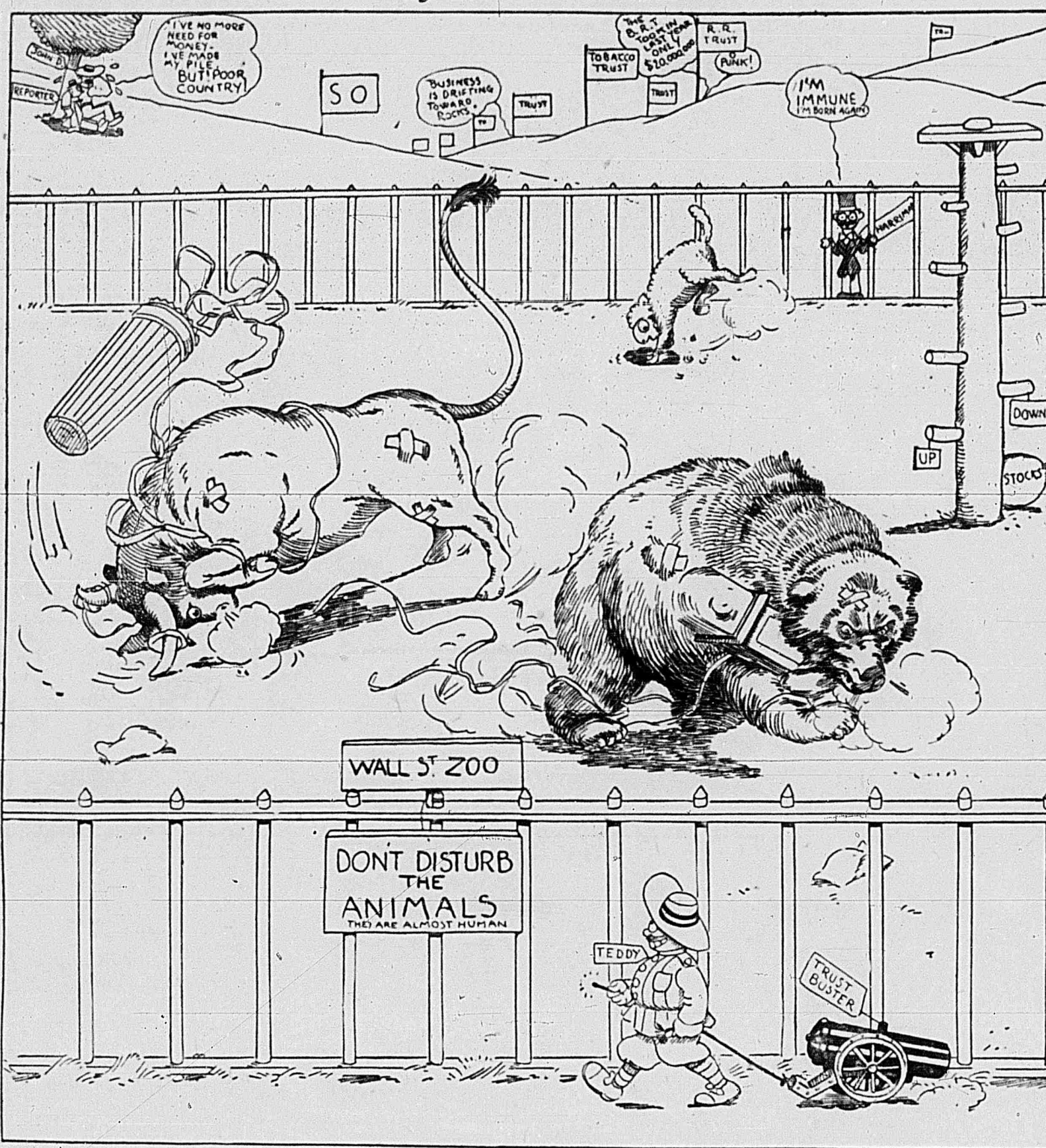
Weight of Gold.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have worked out the problem as to the weight of a cubic foot of gold. My calculation shows that one cubic foot of gold weighs 645.15 kilograms, or 1,426.113 pounds.

A. B. ROBERTIELLO.

Disturbed!

By Maurice Ketten.



The Pie That Kills.

THE first pie his wife ever made killed James Brown, of Smoot, Wyo., according to despatches received in New York yesterday. It was added that the local coroner found the matter one for official investigation, but any one who has ever made or eaten a first pie will be inclined to consider these suspicions as altogether un-looked.

Pie makers, like poets, are born, not made. A certain degree of proficiency in the ordinary art of cooking may be obtained through patient experiment and much failure even by a woman of genius. But the wife who has discovered no natural affinity between her nimble fingers and the elusive and disappointing dough will take warning by the sad fate of the Wyoming man and leave her husband's life in the baker's hands rather than risk it in her own.

Every woman, of course, should know how to cook. So should every man, for that matter. But pie making, congealed with the more ordinary processes of the kitchen, is as differential calculus to simple addition, or mountain climbing to motoring along the levellest Jersey road.

Every husband who loves his wife is undoubtedly willing to die for her if need be. But why subject his devotion to the merciless test of exit by the pie route?

Men are peculiarly devoted to pie. If it were not for their pie-partiality the deadly circles of dough would not be made. Take a New York sport who would as soon order pie in a Broadway restaurant as call for sarsaparilla across the bar, put him in a country hotel, convince him that no one is looking and that none of his friends will ever know, confront him with pie on the bill of fare and then watch him eat it alive!

It is his combined weakness for pie and for womanhood that makes man an easy victim to the unprincipled or sometimes merely thoughtless creature who tries a pretence hand and a brand new rolling pin at pie making.

By Nikola Greeley-Smith

A hungry man will eat, or at least attempt to eat, anything in the shape of pie that is set before him. And when the fair hands of the woman he loves prepare it he will endeavor to swallow it even if he has to blow the top off with nitro-glycerine.

There are other less cruel and deadly tests of a man's affection than feeding him a fire-proof disc that might be used in the construction of a steel skyscraper or patented as a bullet-proof cloth, and the considerate wife will confine her experiments to these limits.

Hunting Hidden Treasure.

IN a Guadalupe prison there is a convict with a highly developed sense of humor and some imagination. The Libre Parole, of that island, tells the story: A mischievous disposed convict in the Point-a-Pitre prison, knowing that the Governor saw all the prisoners' correspondence, wrote a letter addressed to his mother earnestly exhorting her never to reveal the spot where he had buried treasure of enormous value. His ruse succeeded. The Governor told M. Legitim, who is a great friend of his of the buried treasure, and from that time forward the convict in question began to have what he has since described as "the time of his life." He was relieved from all labor, he was invited to lunch with the Governor and bottles of champagne were broached for his decoration. Then came the day when the Governor and the deputy gently hinted to the convict that they knew all about his hidden treasure—all that is to say, except just where it was buried. They suggested, as among friends, that he might relieve their curiosity on that point. The convict at first was coy, but after some days offered to go with them and show them the tree beneath which the treasure lay. When darkness fell the trio set out, accompanied by several friends of M. Legitim. The last-named held a lantern and his friends perambled for some hours as they dug at a spot indicated by the convict without discovering anything. At length the search was angrily abandoned and the convict marched back to prison.

Bill Hustle, of Harlem.

By H. Methfessel.



Gertrude Barnum Talks To Girls

Why Not Domestic Service?

HOUSEKEEPERS throughout the length and breadth of the land are still suffering from Domestophobia, a raving madness on the subject of the servant question.

Most of them are obliged to "do their own work," which they always speak of as somehow, a great injustice. In the morning there is dish-washing, with the greasy, smoky pots and pans, sinks and tables to be scoured; doors to mop, or sweep, dusting, mending, baby-tending and cooking. In the afternoon dish-washing, with the same old greasy, smoky pots and pans, sinks, tables and stove, baking, cooking and baby-tending. In the evening, dish-washing, with those abominations, the pots and pans, sink and stove and garbage pail, filthy dishcloths and towels to be washed bread to set, mending, darning and baby-tending.

The next morning there are the same old disheveled, grimacing ashes piled up, the same loathsome, taunting pots and pans, looking as though they had never seen soap and water, the everlasting quarter-inch of dust on the superior noses of the busts of Shakespeare and Milton. The only change in the monotony is the weekly wash day, the excitement of broken crockery or a child tumbling downstairs.

Bothers of Housekeeping.

You can see yourself how difficult it is under such circumstances, to follow the advice of the women's magazines and discuss the "larger issues of the day," rather, to take issue with him on any subject he may choose to discuss.

The housekeeper, driven mad by the ceaseless treadmill in their cages, leave their homes and families to relieve them of these unmitigated horrors and devoted founds of disgusting tasks. These ladies offer girls a "good home" in the servants' quarters (where they can room with a strange cook) and "the equivalent of \$15 a week, counting their board." (They do not mention that these wages cover overtime work in the mornings and evenings and Sundays, while the six to twelve dollars per week in the factory is for a ten-hour day, six days in the week.)

While there is little chance that many intelligent persons are to be greatly attracted by such offers, there is no doubt that the time has come when girls might get positions in domestic service pretty much on their own terms. "No domestic service for mine," I think I hear some of them reply. And pray why not? Of course no self-respecting girl would enter the name or social position of a "servant." That has come to carry a stigma which prejudices a spirited American.

"Help" Vs. "Servant."

The good old New England term "help" was better. Invented in the days when the "help" was regarded in the family as a social equal. But domestic service might be made a profession quite as respected and remunerative as that of the trained nurse. It is a truly wonderful field in day for a well-trained, inventive girl. She could probably make terms something like this:

For the occupation of Home Helper.

Reception of the worker through the front door.

The use of Miss or Mrs. with the worker's name.

A ten-hour work day. (From 8.30 A. M. to 6.30 P. M.)

Wages at the rate of 20 cents per hour, paid weekly.

Pay a half for overtime work.

No Sunday work.

Proper equipment for work.

Written agreement as to exact nature of employment, A. C. A. C.

I believe that if well-trained, bright girls applied at their neighboring intelligence offices for work on these terms they would be "snapped up" and have the satisfaction of being usefully and honorably engaged. In most cities there are already "household accommodations" who help in domestic work by the hour, by the day or by the week. Their social and economic position is superior to that of the average factory worker, and they enjoy the privilege of living in their own homes, through the front door, and recreating according to their own taste in the evenings and on Sundays.

A "Domestic Relief" Band.

A group of clever and courageous girls, with command of capital, might even establish a Domestic Relief business in some suburb now shrieking for servants. With such an equipment as is used in modest restaurants, these girls might deliver dinners to private homes and attend to public dish-washing in a manner to astonish and endear the excited natives.

Creches and Mother Playrooms could be fitted up, where members of the business firm could relieve mothers of the care of their young babies and children certain hours of the day, and give them time to think of throwing away most of the dust-collecting bric-a-brac and draperies and planning a simpler mode of life. Lectures on hygiene and kindred subjects might draw good paying audiences in the afternoon, and in the evening the rooms could be rented for social purposes, or to accommodate a abolition the smoke nuisance, secure good garbage service, and in other ways prevent unnecessary labor and illness in the homes.

Why not help the distracted housewives? It would be something to work for an employer who appreciated from experience the value of your labor. Why not come to the rescue of the ladies who so intensely dislike "doing their own work" and relieve the country of this distressing malady, Domestophobia?

Just 1 Minute, Sisters!

Brie's for the Shopper.

By Helen Vail Wallace.

DECIDE exactly what you want to buy, color, quantity and price you can pay. Count your cash and plan to make it cover all necessities. If you must economize, study the art of doing without unnecessary prices. Buying a few things that are actually needed gives far more satisfaction than the accumulation of oceans of superfluous things.

Make a list of needed things, and adhere to it.

Never indulge in bargains because they are bargains. A thing you do not need is dear at any price.

Order what you want pleasantly but very decisively, leaving no room for an overpersuasive clerk to inveigle you into buying what you do not want. Know exactly what you want, and take nothing else.

Shop in the morning, while you are fresh, besides avoiding the crowded stores and cars of later hours. You will notice that you remain fresh, and the housework you leave in order to go early looks more trifling upon your return.

Leave doors at home, and children when possible. A store is no place for them. They take your attention from the main issue, besides annoying others.

Be amiable to the clerk. She is a human being, and not a machine. She will reward you by kindness and attention.

Shop intelligently. Soon, instead of being an incoherent spendthrift, amenable to every suggestion to buy hold out, you will find yourself spending 20 cents for a thing you need with more pleasure and satisfaction than you formerly felt in spending \$20 incoherently.

In buying hats or gowns it is advisable to look about for several mornings in all the leading stores before making a selection. Never mind what "they" are wearing. The most chaste woman is the woman who dresses to please herself; who expresses her individuality in her wearing apparel. Be yourself!

Pointed Paragraphs.

AND the straight and narrow path is also slippery. If it isn't in you to be good, there isn't much use trying. There are lots of wise men—until you get next to them. Charity that begins at home is often out when anybody calls. There were no "dry" towns after Noah had issued his proclamation. A dull book would have a more satisfactory ending if it came sooner. His Satanic Majesty is seldom satisfied with his dues; he expects more. Women who do not part their hair in the middle may have more sense than men who do. —Chicago News.

Science and Plumbago.

PLUMBAGO, popularly black lead, scientifically graphite, got its name, says the Ironmonger, from the assumption that it contained lead; and, indeed, coven lead ores and oxides have been at times called plumbago; but Enkel found in 1597 that what we now call graphite yielded no lead and he called it sterile plumbago. Scheele, in 1789, proved that it was an allotropic form of carbon.

First "Mono-Rail" Land.

INDIA will be the first country to attempt to put the mono-rail method of locomotion to practical use. The Government has granted \$25,000 to Lord Brennan to experiment with his gyroscopic trains and he is soon to build a model car forty feet long and twelve feet wide to run there.